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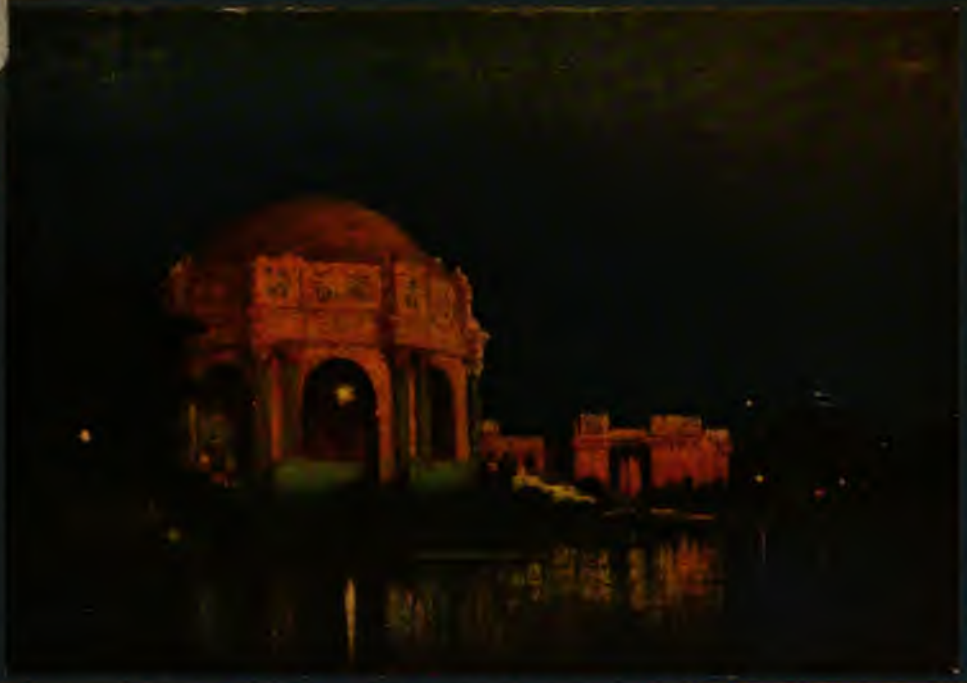

# THE EVANESCENT CITY

GEORGE STERLING
FRANCIS BRUGUIERE

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ALTAR: PALACE OF FINE ARTS

# THE EVANESCENT CITY

*by*

GEORGE STERLING

*With Nine Illustrations after Photographs*

*by*

FRANCIS BRUGUIERE

And
A Cover in Color after the Painting by
WILL SPARKS

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## *Note:*

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# THE EVANESCENT CITY

*GREAT on the west, ere darkness crush her domes,*

*Wine-red the city of the sunset lies.*

*Below her courts the mournful ocean foams;*

*Above, no foam of cloud is in the skies.*

*Awhile I stand, a dreamer by the deep,*

*And watch the winds of evening sap her walls,*

*Till ashen armies to the ramparts sweep*

*And seas of shadow storm the gleaming halls.*

PALACE OF
HORTICULTURE

*So dies that far magnificence of light,*

*A conquered splendor on a crumbling pyre,*

*'Mid fall of crimson temples from their height*

*And ruined altars yielding up their fire.*

WATER SPIRIT
BY
LEO LENTELLI

*So fades that city, one with all that finds*

*The nameless road that Beauty takes at last—*

*One with her dust upon the twilight winds*

*And all her music mingling with the Past.*

*"Farewell!" I whisper low—then thrill to see,*

*Unseen till now, eternal and afar,*

*Soul of dead day and pledge of peace to be,*

*The tranquil silver of the evening star. . . .*

DOORWAY:
PALACE OF MACHINERY

*And even thus our city of a year*

*Must pass like those the shafted sunsets build,*

*Fleeting as all fair things and, fleeting, dear—*

*A rainbow fallen and an anthem stilled.*

DOORWAY:
PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES

*A rainbow fallen—but within the soul*

*Its deep indubitable iris burns;*

*An anthem stilled—yet for its ghostly goal*

*The incommunicable music yearns.*

COLUMNS AND LAGOON:
PALACE OF FINE ARTS

*Only for Beauty's passing shall we trace*

*The heavenly pathway that her feet have trod;*

*Only at her departure seek her face—*

*We that shall find it not this side of God.*

COLUMNS AND ROTUNDA:
PALACE OF FINE ARTS